

SOULE • GARNEY • MILLA

MARVEL

#12

DAREDEVIL

AGAINST THE
INHUMANS



THE BRONX.

What *is* this?

Scents, sounds...it's like he's drawing them into himself. Like a *black hole* for sensory information.

Makes it hard to get a lock on him.

PLEASE. TELL ME. IT'S IMPORTANT.



WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR*. HE IS...

DAREDEVIL

MATT MURDOCK BECAME A FAMOUS DEFENSE ATTORNEY BUT WAS EVENTUALLY FORCED TO PUBLICLY REVEAL HE WAS DAREDEVIL. HE MYSTERIOUSLY FOUND A WAY TO KEEP HIS SECRET FROM THE WORLD AGAIN AND HAS NOW BECOME A PROSECUTOR FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK. AS DAREDEVIL, HE MENTORS A YOUNG VIGILANTE NAMED BLINDSPOT, A.K.A. SAMUEL CHUNG.

RECENTLY, A HORRIFIC MURAL PAINTED IN HUMAN BLOOD WAS DISPLAYED IN AN UPPER MANHATTAN ART GALLERY. THE ARTIST LEFT CLUES TO A SECONDARY INSTALLATION: A TABLEAU OF MURDERED INHUMANS, ONLY THIS TIME, DAREDEVIL MANAGED TO CATCH UP WITH THE KILLER RESPONSIBLE...

DARK ART PART III

CHARLES SOULE
WRITER

RON GARNEY
ARTIST

MATT MILLA
COLOR ARTIST

VC's CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER
RON GARNEY & MATT MILLA COVER ARTISTS

CHRIS ROBINSON ASST. EDITOR
MARK PANICCIA EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER

© 2016 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.
WWW.MARVEL.COM





WHO ARE YOU?

HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THE PAPERS? THEY'RE CALLING ME VINCENT VAN GORE. I DON'T LIKE THAT, THOUGH. IT'S...LOW. UNDISTINGUISHED.

I'VE BEEN TOYING WITH THE NAME MUSE, BUT THAT COULD CHANGE. REINVENTION IS ONE OF THE KEYS TO A LONG CAREER.



DON'T MAKE ME BEG. TELL ME IF YOU LIKED MY WORK.



His work?

Almost a dozen Inhuman corpses, posed like statues. Like art.



YOU MEAN THE PEOPLE YOU MURDERED?



MURDER. THAT'S A FUNNY LITTLE WORD. IS IT MURDER IF THE PERSON WANTS TO DIE? I DON'T THINK SO. I THINK THAT'S A GIFT.



Wrong. Murder is an unlawful, planned killing. That's all. It doesn't matter if the victim wants it or not.

But I suspect the distinction would be lost on him.

SO YOU DIDN'T LIKE IT.



THWAP

OH, WELL.



MY NEXT ONE WILL BE BETTER.

KRRCK

Not good.



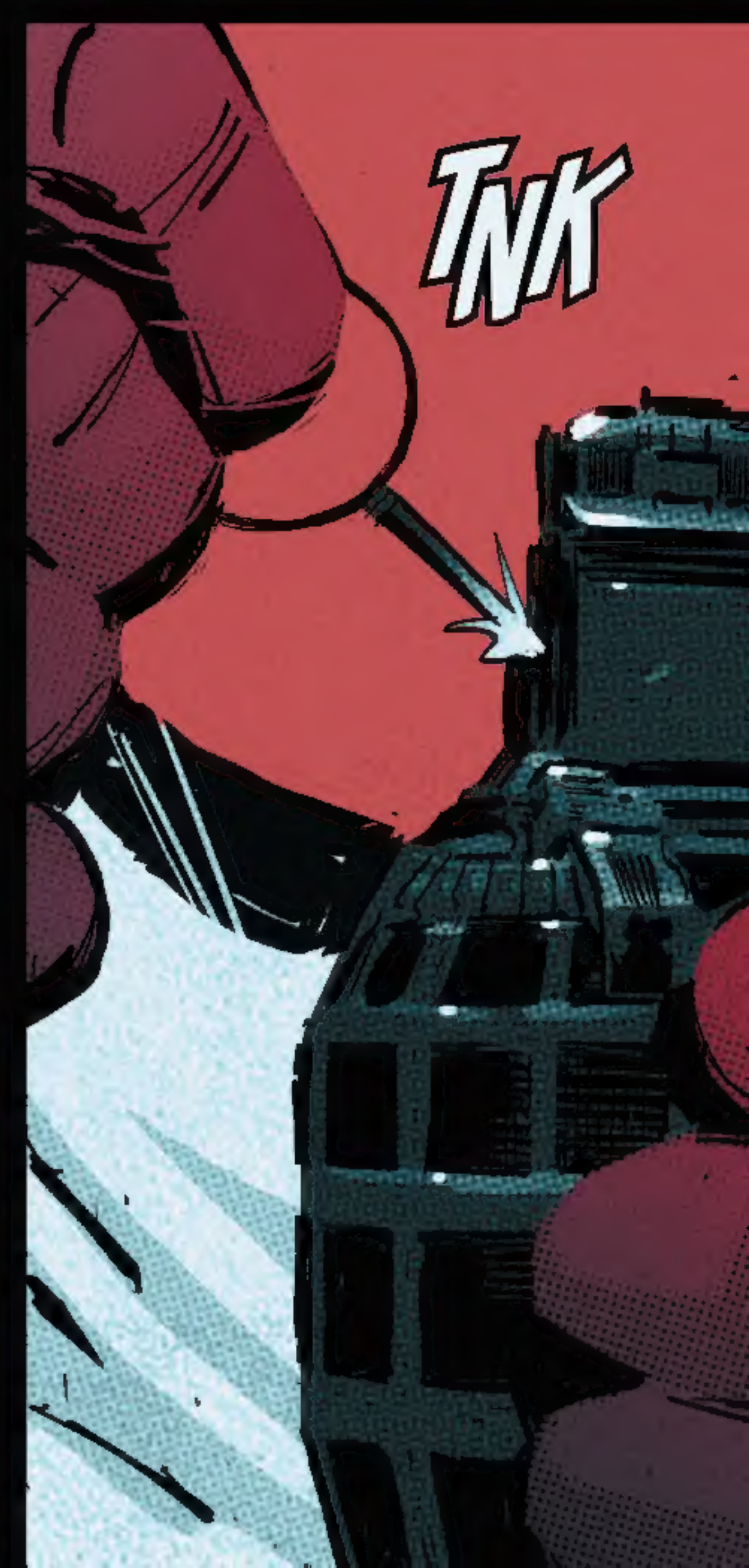
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WHY ARE YOU KILLING?

I AM AN ARTIST, MY FRIEND. AND AS AN ARTIST, I HOLD TO A STRICT CODE.

NEVER EXPLAIN, AND NEVER APOLOGIZE.



FOR EXAMPLE...



TNK



HERE'S THE
THING ABOUT THE CREATIVE
SPIRIT. IT'S FICKLE.

ONE
MINUTE IT'S
THERE, BUT
THE NEXT--



That blast was all light and sound--
almost no heat or pressure. A
dummy, or a *flash-bang*, to cover
his escape. It wasn't real.

It was a
performance.



Radar sense
can't find him...
he's gone.

I need to get
back to the
crime scene.

1602 EAST 171st.

I'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE. ELIZABETH BURNSIDE-- BORN IN HOBOKEN, BUT REGISTERED AS A CITIZEN OF NEW ATTILAN LAST AUGUST.

SHE TOOK THE INHUMAN NAME BINKA. TERRIGENESIS GIFTED HER WITH THE ABILITY TO HOLD HER BREATH FOR A LITTLE OVER AN HOUR.

OKAY. LOGGED. THAT'S THREE SO FAR. KEEP CHECKING.

I can hear the New Attilan security team analyzing the victims. Using advanced Inhuman science to try to make *sense* of all this.

I'm not sure that's possible. Not with science, anyway.

This is about the art.

OFFICER SCOTT, WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

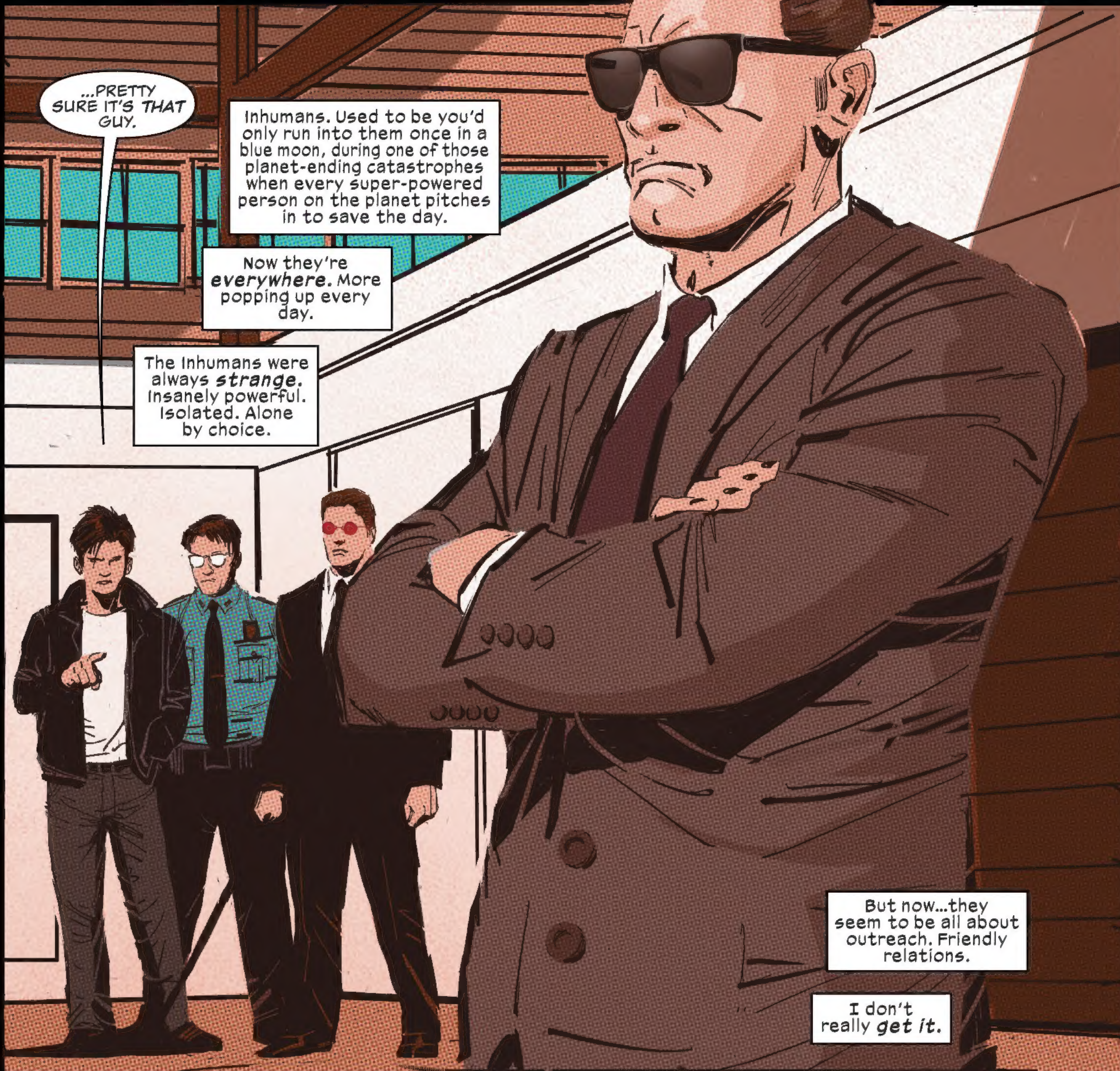
KICKING US OUT OF OUR OWN DAMN CRIME SCENE, SEEMS LIKE.

SAM--WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?

A BUNCH OF INHUMAN COPS SHOWED UP, MR. MURDOCK. THEY CORDONED EVERYTHING OFF, AND NOW THEY'RE TAKING SAMPLES OR SOMETHING.

IS THAT RIGHT? WHO'S IN CHARGE?

WELL, FROM WHAT I CAN TELL...



...PRETTY SURE IT'S THAT GUY.

Inhumans. Used to be you'd only run into them once in a blue moon, during one of those planet-ending catastrophes when every super-powered person on the planet pitches in to save the day.

Now they're **everywhere**. More popping up every day.

The Inhumans were always **strange**. Insanely powerful. Isolated. Alone by choice.

But now...they seem to be all about outreach. Friendly relations.

I don't really **get it**.



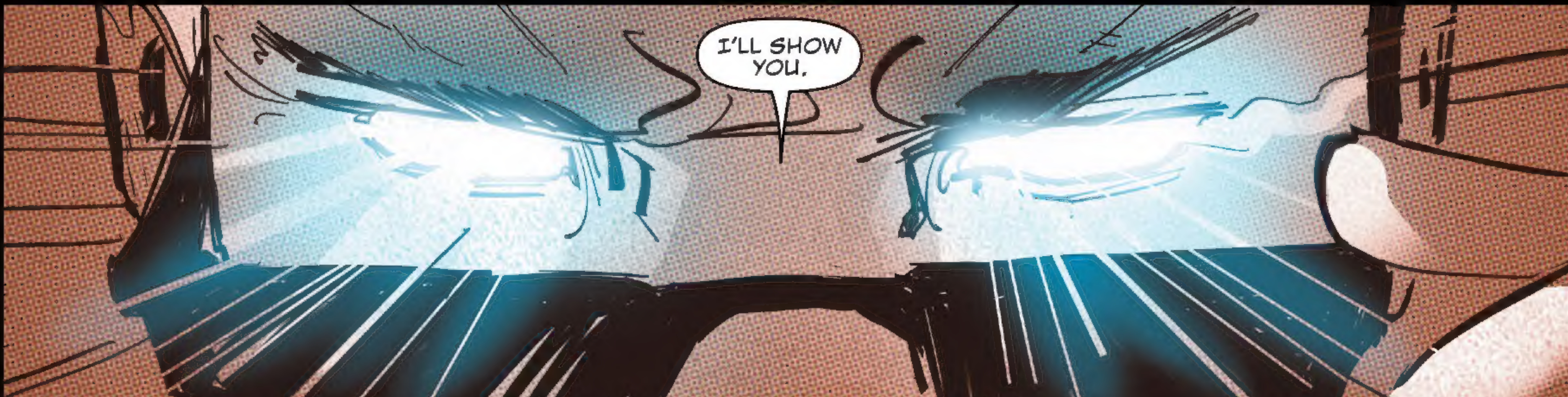
But I can certainly **use it**.

HI. I'M MATT MURDOCK. I'M WITH THE MANHATTAN D.A.'S OFFICE.

FRANK MCGEE. HEAD OF THE NEW ATTILAN SECURITY SERVICE.



WAIT, MANHATTAN D.A.? THIS IS THE BRONX, LAST TIME I CHECKED.





SAY CHEESE.



AGH!



THERE. GOT IT ALL UP HERE, NOW. I CAN GO THROUGH IT FROM ANY ANGLE ANY TIME I WANT. ZOOM IN, ENHANCE, THE WHOLE BIT. BETTER THAN ANY CRIME SCENE PHOTO YOU EVER SAW.

I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT.



OH, RIGHT. SORRY.



WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT? YOU COULDN'T HAVE GIVEN US A LITTLE WARNING BEFORE TURNING ON THOSE EYES?



"...YOU'LL HAVE
TO ASK MEDUSA."

New Attilan.

Capital city of the
Inhumans, built from the
ruins of their old home after
it blew up over Manhattan
during one of those planet-
ending catastrophes.

The explosion released
a cloud of a genetically
altering chemical called
Terrigen. It's still out
there, drifting with
the weather.

If you have Inhuman DNA,
even a little, and you
breathe it in, you *change*.

Maybe you get powers.
Maybe your appearance
is drastically altered.
Maybe you die.


The whole thing was
a game changer. It hasn't
been simple on any level.
New Attilan is run by a royal
family, and they aren't
saying whether all this
was intentional.

But to their credit,
they've offered
sanctuary and guidance
to all Inhumans--from
anywhere.

That's how
McGee washed
up here, I think.

And it's what
I'm banking
on now.


I'M HERE
TO SEE THE
QUEEN.



Medusa
Amaquelin.

DAREDEVIL.

She runs everything.
The entire Inhuman
nation--old and new.



THANK
YOU FOR SEEING
ME, MEDUSA.

I'M HERE
ON BEHALF OF A
FRIEND--AN ATTORNEY
IN THE CITY NAMED
MATT MURDOCK.

HE'S
INVOLVED IN
AN INVESTIGATION,
AND WAS HOPING YOU
MIGHT BE ABLE
TO HELP.

The lawyer in me finds
it fascinating that she
was able to set up a
sovereign state--a
monarchy, no less--
inside America's
borders.

No one
seemed to
blink an eye.


Then again, it was *never*
smart to pick a fight with
the Inhumans, even before
their numbers increased
by a factor of ten.

Especially
with Medusa
in charge.

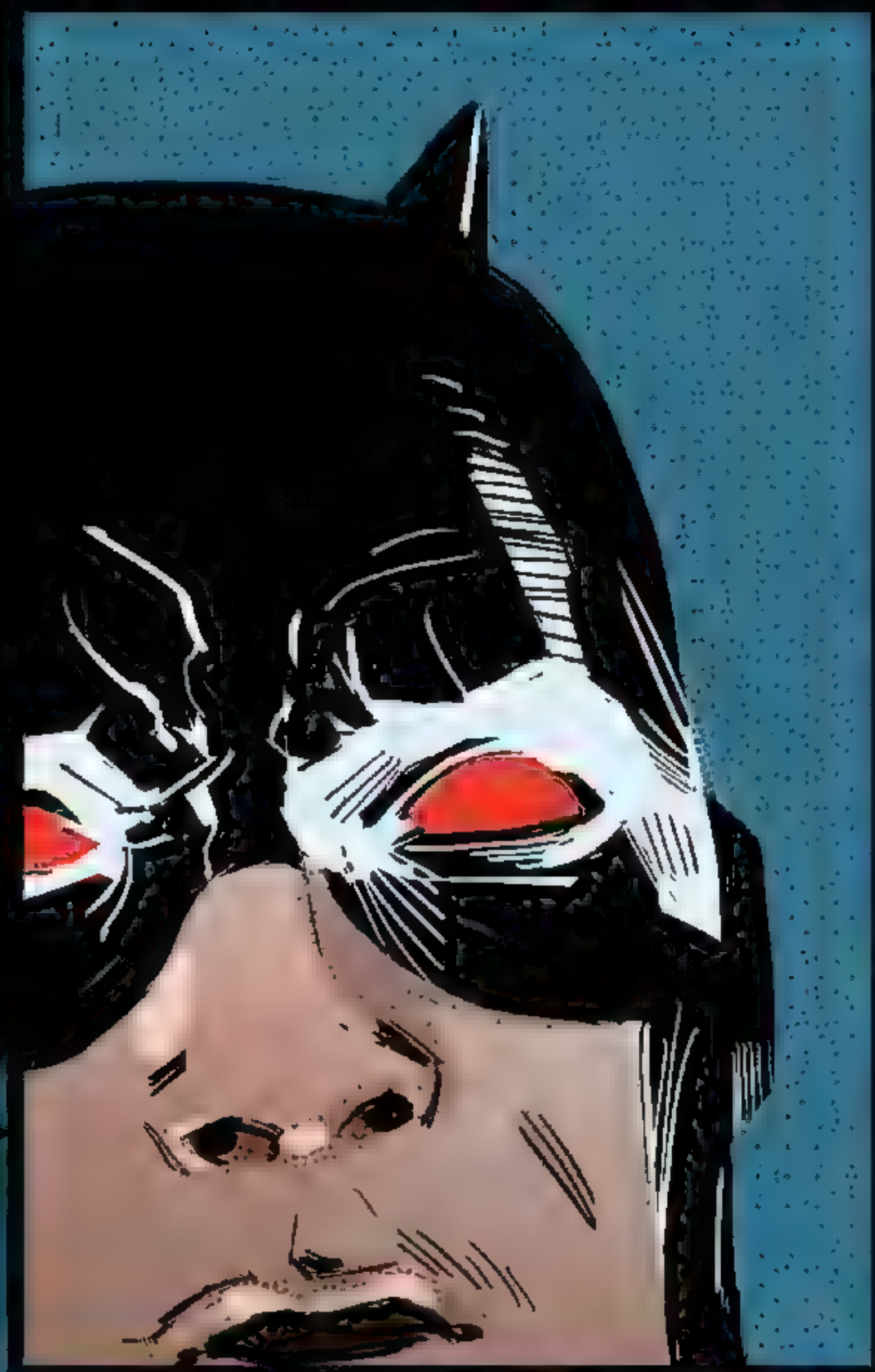


NO.

She is every
inch a queen.



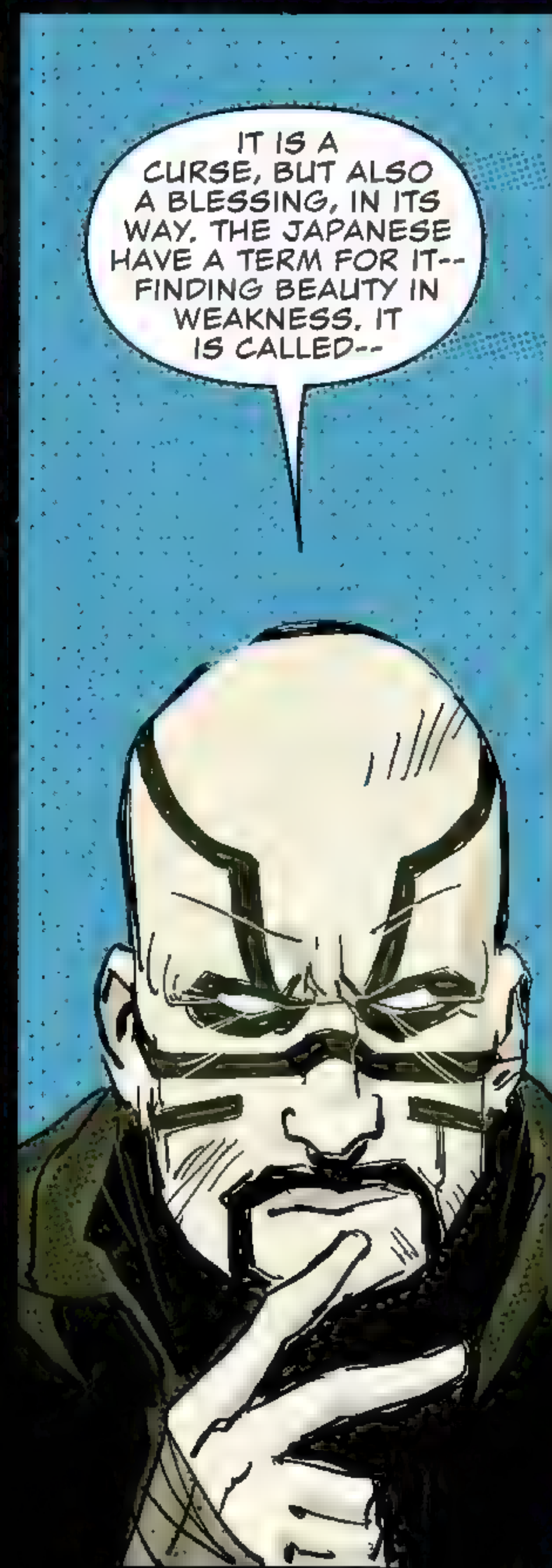
I AM
SORRY. YOU
HAVE WASTED
YOUR TIME.





WE HAVE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR SOME TIME, DAREDEVIL. YOU KNOW THAT I AM STRATEGIC ADVISER TO THE INHUMAN THRONE.

THIS IS, IN PART, BECAUSE OF THE WAY I SEE THE WORLD. I SEE THE *FRAILTY* IN ALL THINGS.



IT IS A CURSE, BUT ALSO A BLESSING, IN ITS WAY. THE JAPANESE HAVE A TERM FOR IT-- FINDING BEAUTY IN WEAKNESS. IT IS CALLED--



WABI-SABI.

JUST SO.



THIS SKILL OF MINE ALLOWS ME TO PERCEIVE OUR ENEMIES' WEAK SPOTS.

LARGE...



...AND SMALL.

What the--?!



That was aimed at my brachial plexus. If I hadn't caught it, I'd be *paralyzed* right now. At best.

I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY, KARNAK.

AND YET YOU WILL NOT LEAVE WHEN ASKED. IS THAT THE ACT OF A FRIEND?



...there. He just got it.

He knows I'm blind.

He just went completely silent. He's a monk. He knows the techniques. Held his breath, stilled his heart.

Waiting until the very last moment to unleash a kick that would pour my brains out all over Medusa's floor.

He's exploiting my weakness.

He thinks he knows me. He *sees* me.

He doesn't.

But I can see him.

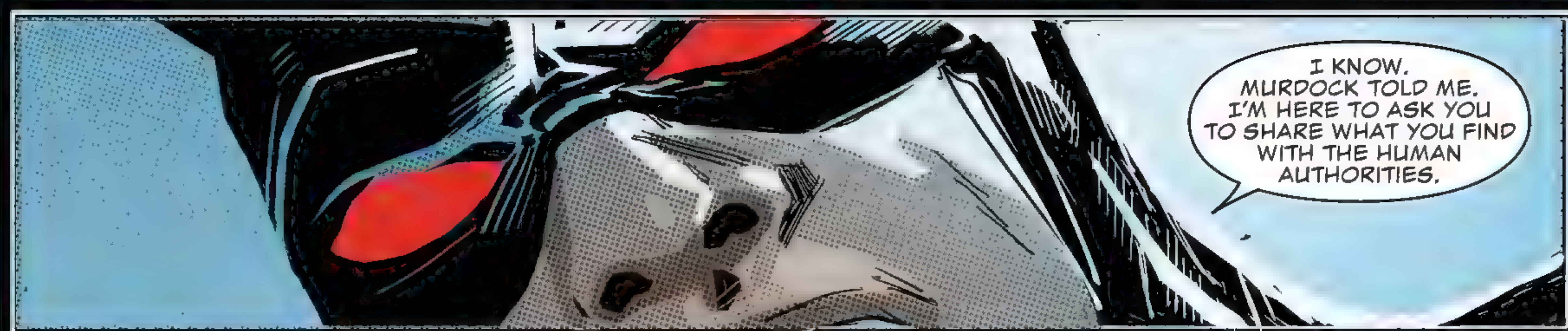




PEOPLE ARE DYING OUT THERE, MEDUSA. SOME OF THEM ARE YOURS. YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

OF COURSE. THE MURDERED INHUMANS IN THE BRONX. THE... TABLEAU.

MY PEOPLE ARE HANDLING IT.



I KNOW. MURDOCK TOLD ME. I'M HERE TO ASK YOU TO SHARE WHAT YOU FIND WITH THE HUMAN AUTHORITIES.



I KNOW THERE ARE PROPER CHANNELS FOR THIS SORT OF THING, BUT THEY'LL TAKE TIME. MURDOCK WAS HOPING TO SOLVE THIS BEFORE ANYONE ELSE DIES.

THAT'S WHY HE SENT ME. YOU AND I HAVE WORKED TOGETHER BEFORE, MEDUSA. YOU KNOW ME. YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T BE ASKING UNLESS IT WAS IMPORTANT.

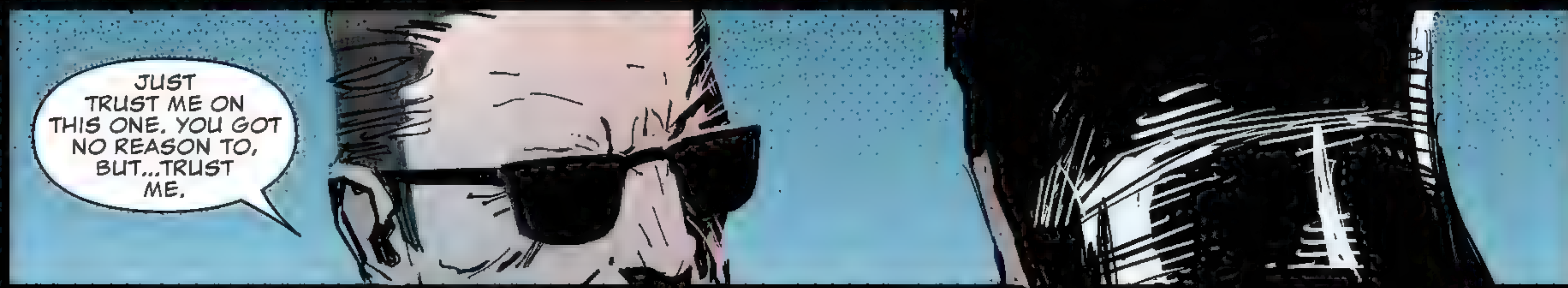
I DO KNOW YOU, DAREDEVIL, AND I DO UNDERSTAND HOW VITAL IT IS THAT WE FIND THIS KILLER QUICKLY.

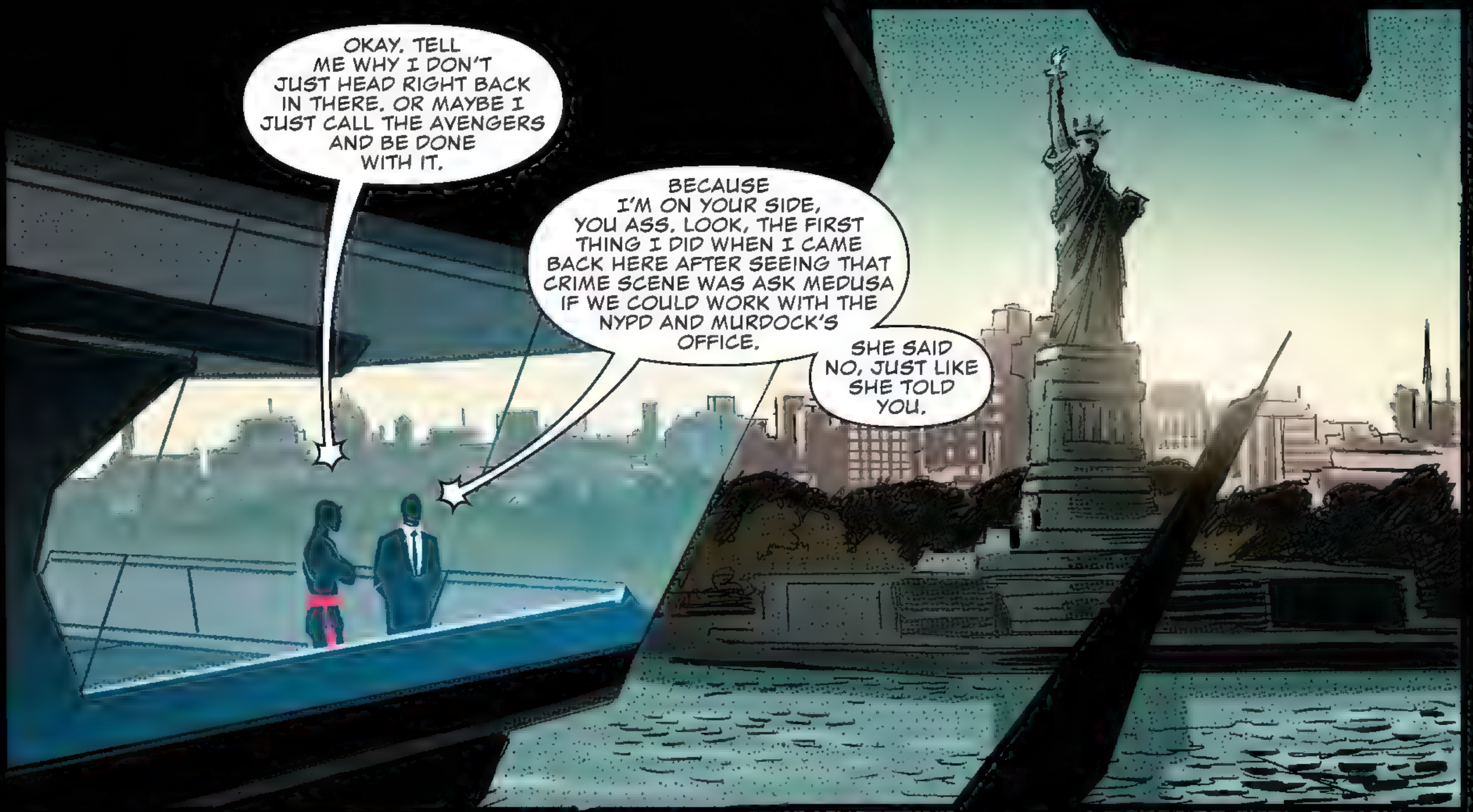


AND YET...



...I MUST REFUSE YOU.





OKAY. TELL ME WHY I DON'T JUST HEAD RIGHT BACK IN THERE. OR MAYBE I JUST CALL THE AVENGERS AND BE DONE WITH IT.

BECAUSE I'M ON YOUR SIDE, YOU ASS. LOOK, THE FIRST THING I DID WHEN I CAME BACK HERE AFTER SEEING THAT CRIME SCENE WAS ASK MEDUSA IF WE COULD WORK WITH THE NYPD AND MURDOCK'S OFFICE.

SHE SAID NO, JUST LIKE SHE TOLD YOU.



HOW DOES THAT HELP ME?

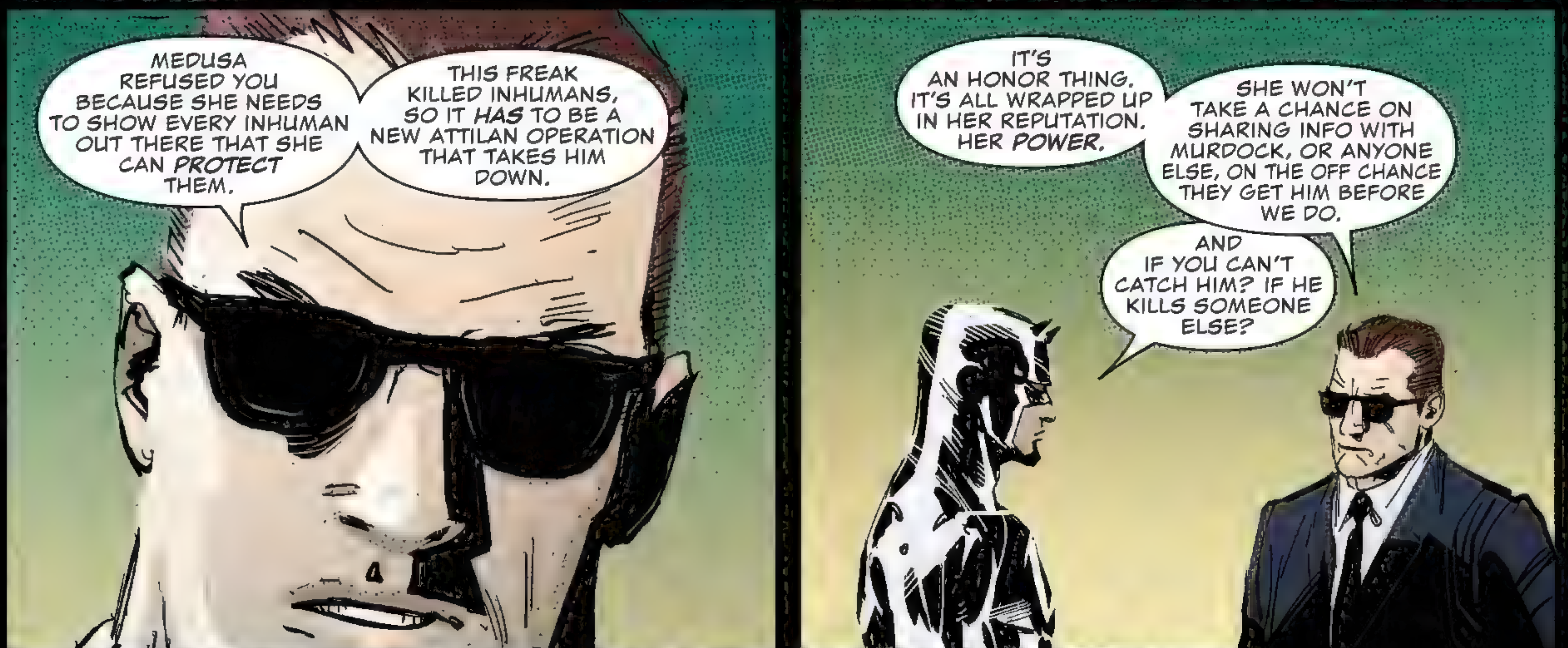
I'M GETTING THERE. YOU'RE A PRETTY IMPATIENT GUY, YOU KNOW THAT?



I ALMOST JUST HAD MY HEAD KICKED IN BY A LUNATIC INHUMAN PRIEST.

VINCENT VAN GORE'S RUNNING AROUND MY CITY MURDERING PEOPLE.

YEAH, I'M IMPATIENT.



MEDUSA REFUSED YOU BECAUSE SHE NEEDS TO SHOW EVERY INHUMAN OUT THERE THAT SHE CAN PROTECT THEM.

THIS FREAK KILLED INHUMANS, SO IT HAS TO BE A NEW ATTILAN OPERATION THAT TAKES HIM DOWN.

IT'S AN HONOR THING. IT'S ALL WRAPPED UP IN HER REPUTATION. HER POWER.

SHE WON'T TAKE A CHANCE ON SHARING INFO WITH MURDOCK, OR ANYONE ELSE, ON THE OFF CHANCE THEY GET HIM BEFORE WE DO.

AND IF YOU CAN'T CATCH HIM? IF HE KILLS SOMEONE ELSE?







TO BE CONTINUED...

**YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



**DON'T
MISS**

***DAREDEVIL* #13**

WRITE TO US AT MONDOMARVEL@MARVEL.COM AND MARK IT "OK TO PRINT."

